

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements

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A Party of Mavericks

There can be no question of the Middle West insurgency within the Republican party, and there can be no question that the recent election has much increased its fervor and influence. Equally, as The Tribune has pointed out, if the Fordneys and McCumbers run the party during the next two years there can be no doubt that this insurgency will have assumed alarming proportions and that conditions will be ripe for a serious split in 1924 or thereafter.

But when the correspondent of "The New York Times" sits down at his typewriter and builds a third party out of Messrs. Johnson, Borah, La Follette and the farm bloc, now complete and ready to launch and able to float and sail, he is anticipating events by a good long distance. Any one who has watched these vigorous individuals in their daily round of legislative service will be glad to explain why.

In the first place, there are already signs that The Tribune's view that the Republican leadership in House and Senate must frankly recognize the new forces in the party is widely shared. Just how recognition can be given in the Senate is a matter of detail if once it is agreed that men of the Lenroot type must have a larger say in the councils of the party than before. It is The Tribune's hope and belief that the Republican party is not the private property of a few reactionaries, but is still alive and growing, able to wrestle with the new problems of the whole country, as it has wrestled with the old. The party, in short, is not going to lie down on the road, but is going forward. If it does the Democratic hope of a third party might as well be abandoned forthwith.

There is a second reason why the present group of insurgents is not ripe for separate leadership. That is because they insist upon leading in so many different directions. Mr. Borah and Mr. Johnson can at times unite upon a destination for a while and occasionally Mr. La Follette will agree that their idea is not altogether bad. But a permanent party organization, with a single leader and joint action! There is no need of pausing for a reply.

The correspondent of "The Times" ended upon the metaphors of the rodeo. He likened the members of the two parties to cattle in a corral, rushing blindly first in this direction, then in that, and, of course, not escaping. The third party was to stop the frantic milling and lead the dumb beasts calmly and confidently through a definite, narrow passage. We are sure that "Powder" Thompson or any other good cattleman can explain the flaw in this theory. The best brains of the farm bloc—and they are very good—for better or worse are hardened mavericks, so far as organization goes. They like the ranges, and the very thought of a brand sends them into a day-long speech in the Senate. They are mighty good for the health of Congress, and the Republican party is not likely to die so long as they remain to keep it stirring. But they are not the stuff of which third parties are built—yet.

Zoning the Crooks

The police proposal to establish safety zones where business houses, residences and citizens will be immune from the predatory activities of criminals may be helpful if it does not automatically create out of the rest of the city a safety zone where the criminals can find sanctuary. Conducting intensive thief hunts in certain sections of town may be more effective in keeping them from following their profession than scattering the plainclothesmen all over the five boroughs provided adequate protection is maintained throughout the city.

In any event there is cause for public gratitude that the Police Commissioner has at last admitted that there are numbers of criminals in New York and that if they are not warded and warned they will probably gain dishonest livings.

If New York cannot be made one vast safety zone it will be some comfort to know that it contains spots where citizens can retain their prop-

erty. But with the recurrence of another crime wave it is to be feared that these spots will soon be overcrowded.

No Tammany Charter

Mr. Hylan and Comptroller Craig in themselves constitute an effective argument against granting a full measure of home rule in the city charter. The savage fight that the Comptroller is making for the removal of all adequate checks on the powers of the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen will be approved by nobody outside of Tammany Hall.

Tammany is not and never has been organized for the purpose of promoting efficient government. And it is because the greedy hand of Tammany is always ready to plunge into the municipal treasury that the Legislature has been compelled in the past to exert some degree of control over the powers of the municipal government.

The charter submitted Tuesday by the counsel for the Charter Revision Commission is probably not a perfect document. But it at least provides some sort of check on great expenditures of public money by the two Tammany boards which, with the Tammany Mayor, constitute the city government. It provides, among other things, for the submission of all appropriations for public enterprises costing more than \$50,000,000 to the voters. That is home rule in its most direct form, yet it is opposed by the city authorities.

What the Legislature did about a new charter is still problematical. But there still remains a Republican majority in the Assembly, and Governor-elect Smith possesses an understanding of what would happen to this city if committed into Tammany's hands, and that understanding is likely to prove helpful when charter legislation comes up for action.

More money will be expended on public work in New York City during the next two years than has been spent in any similar period—provided the subway extensions are built and the Mayor carries out anything like an adequate school building program.

To trust a crowd of Tammany officeholders who have never handled any public job efficiently with such vast outlays of money is highly dangerous. Every safeguard with which the charter can surround expenditures must be supplied or a heavily increased municipal debt will be the principal return the taxpayers will get for their money.

Lenine Approves Capitalism

Speaking in the throne room of the Kremlin, Lenine, once more the motive spirit in Russia, frankly confessed the failure of communism and the success of what he termed "the new economic policy."

There is nothing startling in this admission, for the outside world not only knew that such a change was inevitable but it foresaw that the return to capitalism which the "new" policy embodied was sure to do much to strengthen Russia. Expediency made it hard for the leaders heretofore to admit the real significance of this policy. For so many months they had denounced the capitalist system as the cause of all evil that they could scarcely turn about suddenly and proclaim that they themselves had decided to readopt it.

They therefore made the first changes under strange labels, and only now are they sufficiently sure of themselves to admit their past errors. When the land was turned back to the men who tilled it and trading on a small scale was resumed, and when production under private direction was encouraged, the return to the old order was clearly under way. It has proceeded slowly, of course, and is not yet complete, but it is not for that reason any the less sure. All that has remained has been for the leaders frankly to admit the change, and this they now have done.

Well may Lenine say that internationalism is dead; for with the death of communism and the failure of the much-vaunted world revolution there has been no reason why it should live. As a matter of fact, in Russia itself instead of internationalism there has grown up an intense and passionate nationalism. It is obviously the intention of Lenine to use this new nationalism for his own ends and to adapt himself to the exigencies of the situation.

Some Letters in History

Recent efforts to minimize the value and importance of the letters of Walter H. Page and Franklin K. Lane have been based on the contention that not only the authors but the events which they describe to judge them fairly. History alone, these critics say, will show things in their true perspective. Such persons then usually fly off on the tangent that Lincoln was bitterly assailed by his contemporaries.

History, however, can not and will not overlook these volumes. Historians, and more especially biographers, in their search for the elusive truth prize original sources above all else. Contemporary documents, and particularly letters of men in positions of importance, have a very special value. This is all the greater when the writers were, like

Messrs. Lane and Page, men of fair minds and calm judgment. The considered testimony of a man's intimate associates is likely to be prejudiced in his favor. Allowance must be made for this coloring. The letters of these volumes were written with no intention of proving anything, and in consequence are of paramount value to the historian.

We are, it is true, very near the events described in the Lane and Page letters. But neither we nor future historians can minimize their value. They are original documents. History will not dim but rather will enhance their value, however it modifies their conclusions by comparison with other sources of fact.

Reach Hearts Through Stomachs

The unexpected discovery by the Parisian newspapers of the value of cooks in propaganda work may be hailed as a matter of international importance. It appears that the group of French cooks who recently attended a cooking meet in Prague won great fame for themselves and their country and created a great demand for French cooks and French food throughout eastern Europe. As a result France has begun to win her way to the hearts of her neighbors through sauces and salads rather than through the long-winded harangues of the usual functionaries who go abroad in behalf of national causes.

The idea has many merits. Rare, indeed, are those professional propagandists who achieve their purpose. The banquet system, even when it has the merits of French cooking, is generally unproductive because of the interminableness of the speakers. If, therefore, the customary after-dinner speaking could be abolished and the entire effort given to providing a feast of Gallic delicacy there could be no doubt of the effectiveness of the propaganda.

A prominent Chinese visitor to this country once remarked that he considered the Chinese laundrymen among the best propagandists that China had in America. By their industry, their frugality and their friendly manners they created a favorable impression of their country.

In New York, at least, the Chauve Souris has done more to remove hostility to Russia than have all the volumes of propaganda written in the last few years. The world is tired of artificial protagonists. It responds much more willingly to good cooks and good actors.

Foreign Languages in Schools

The "Staats-Zeitung" notes with trepidation that the number of school children in the New York high schools who have elected to study German is only 3,638, whereas those who have chosen French number 25,011 and the students of Spanish number 30,532. That such a state of affairs should distress a German mind is, of course, obvious. Is not Germany a much larger country than Spain, and is not the German language more important than Spanish?

The interesting thing, however, is not that there are so few students of German as that there are so many of Spanish. During the last few years the prestige of Spanish has greatly risen, and it has been customary to say that a knowledge of that language could not but be valuable to any one going into business with South America.

That so many pupils are studying this language is therefore not only a testimony of the wide spread of this belief but offers a promise of better relations with the Latin-American countries in the future. An acquaintance with Spanish acquired in a high school of course is not sufficient. But at least it furnishes a foundation upon which a later and better knowledge can be built. It thus prepares the way for overcoming one of the most serious barriers in the way of international intercourse. Americans in particular have been too indifferent to the importance of language in foreign trade. Anything that goes to dispel this indifference is of ultimate benefit to all concerned.

Painter's Colic

Who has noticed an access of sweetness and light in Mr. Hylan and his office cronies since the back of the City Hall was painted? If they have not responded to the stimulus of the new coat there is something wrong with the theory asserted at the convention of the National Paint and Varnish Association that paint is a moral tonic. As Mr. W. T. Stott, of St. Louis, expresses it: "The psychological effect of a freshly painted house upon the occupants is the same as that created by wearing a new suit of clothes. Painting houses increases the pride of the occupants."

Mr. Stott would be a queer booster for his business if he held a brief for what is time-stained and mellow. Yet many an eye has been soothed and comforted by weather-worn houses that the paint-pot has neglected. The occupants may be moral lepers, but their habitations delight the artist. The admired tone of time in the tourist-haunted villages of Europe is unpainted and unvarnished.

Nor is a new suit of clothes a filip to the pride of all, at least of men. Perhaps of women. Emerson "heard

with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared 'that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow.' But men are different, mostly. Emerson was not a dandy. Lincoln was sartorially awful. Samuel Johnson, the proudest of mortals, was a notorious sloven, although he dressed up on one occasion to show Goldsmith an example. In fact, fondness for old clothes is a prevailing masculine trait, nor does it argue deterioration of the moral fiber.

Unhappily, however, the shiny baggy coat has not the same appeal to the vision as the moss-grown cottage. The public taste sets strongly toward the well-tailored. So a man must make concessions and hardly dares nowadays to be comfortably slipshod.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Nothing to Wish For

A man who has served in the President's chair
In the land of the brave and the free
In spite of the worry and trouble and care
Can never get rid of the bee.
The voters 'ere long may regard him
As a nuisance
And presently give him the sack.
But if he lays hold of the ghost of a chance
He always will try to come back.

They say that Prime Ministers, out of a job,
Are sad and disconsolate men.
Wherever they wander their hearts are a-throb
To serve their dear nations again.
They speak of the labor great offices bring
To a loyal and hard working man.
Who tirelessly labors for country and king—
But they always come back when they can.

But E. de Valera, although he once ruled
The folk of the Emerald Isle,
Where people from childhood are carefully schooled
To fight in the Donnybrook style,
And who is at present the privateest kind
Of a common and titleless gent,
With no cares of office to weigh on his mind,
Has reason to be quite content.

And although the cables assert he will seek
To enter once more in the race,
The better his long standing vengeance to wreak
If he lands in the President's place,
If he'll take the advice of a man over here—
"Though the prize may seem very alluring
On the day of election he'll just disappear,
And his life will be more worth insuring!"

Too Late

Edward Bok has discovered Holland. But the Dutch had taken it before he got over there.

Mental Malady

If the Allies are wise they will put the Sick Man of Europe into the violent ward.

Purely Agricultural

It is natural that Americans should go to Cuba to raise cane.
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Hard Work and Eight-Hour Day

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with great interest the editorial in your issue of October 30 entitled, "The Eight-Hour Day." That editorial is apparently suggested by my comment that industry should aim at accepting the eight-hour day.

You are entirely right, as I see it, in your statement that "this country has become great through hard work, and only by hard work can it hold its supremacy. The full adoption of the eight-hour day must come with the full appreciation of this truth."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
New York, Nov. 10, 1922.

The Assembly's Transit Duty

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The claim has been made that the substitution of the Hylan system for that of the Transit Commission would result in an increased expenditure of some hundreds of millions of dollars. It has been claimed that an analysis of the two plans demonstrates this. I notice that it has been suggested in the public press that the Republicans assent to, or do not oppose, the repeal of the existing transit act, now in process of being carried out, but consent and permit the other plan to be installed and carried out. Now, if such a figuring out of costs has been carefully and accurately made, or even approximately, how can any legislator with due regard to his oath of office vote for or fail to oppose such a repeal and substitution?

It is understood we Republicans have a majority in the newly elected Assembly, which would mean that by loyally standing by our colors and voting against what it is claimed would result in such grave financial waste the substitution could be defeated and the present system retained, with the obligation of the incoming administration to carry it into effect.

Can there be any doubt that it is the duty of the new Assembly to stand by the system which involves this greater economy? What justification would there be in concurring in or quietly assenting to the inauguration of what promised such a waste of city funds?
GEORGE R. BISHOP.
New York, Nov. 14, 1922.

The Tower

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A Communication From Archy

boss I got
a message from
mehitabel the cat
the other day
brought me by
a cockroach
she asks for our help
it seems she is being
held at ellis
island while an
investigation is made
of her morals
she left the country
and now it looks as
if she might not
be able to get
back in again
she cannot see
why they are
investigating
her morals she says
wotthehellbill she says
i never claimed
i had any morals
she has always regarded
morals as an unnecessary
complication in life
her theory is
that they take up
room that might
better be devoted
to something more interesting
live while you are alive
she says and postpone
morality to the hereafter
everything in its place
is my rule she says
but i am liberal she
says i do not give
a damn how moral other
people are i never try
to interfere with them
in fact i prefer them
moral they furnish
a background for my
vivacity in the meantime
it looks as if she
would have to swim
if she gets ashore and
the water is cold

archy

THE GREAT GLAND MYSTERY

(Novelized from the film version of
Earl Barrington Sinclair, author
of "Pansy the Girl Revenooer,"
"Love Laughs," "How Do They
Get That Way?" etc., etc.)

XII.

A naked native runner came panting through the jungle, his brown hide gleaming with perspiration, for India was having a heated spell. "A radio message from Capt. Fitzurse," he said, and fell unconscious.

The Rajah hastily tore open the blue envelope and read:
"Am on my way stop Fitzurse."
"Thank God," said the Rajah.

XIII.

Let us return to Miss Maybelle Bellemaye, the Empress of the Belms.

Having received the news that the Gland had been stolen she immediately consulted with her lawyers and then, hastily scribbling a message, she rang for a messenger boy.

Then she and her Momma dropped upon their knees and prayed.

All that night they spent upon their knees.

When dawn came a messenger boy arrived with the reply. Little Maybelle hastily tore open the blue envelope and read:
"On my way stop Fitzurse."
"Thank God," said Maybelle.

XIV.

We are in the Arabian desert again. The Sheik Al-Ullah-Bul-bul paces the oasis in front of his palatial tent scanning the horizon with a fieldglass.

A camel comes galloping over the sands. The rider reins him in, and, leaping from the beast's back, presents a blue envelope to his master. The Sheik hastily tears it open and reads:
"Am on my way stop Fitzurse."
"Allah be praised," says the Sheik.

XV.

Let us return to Felix Winter-witthe, the aged millionaire's private secretary, who is pacing up and down in front of the partially exploded mansion. He seems nervous.

Suddenly a messenger boy alights from a wheel and hands him a blue envelope. He reads:
"Am on my way stop Fitzurse."
"Thank God," says Felix Winter-witthe.

XVI.

Wilton J. Barnstable, the great private detective, sat in his office at the top of a skyscraper overlooking vast fields of city, listening to his ticker. Suddenly his private call came, and he read on the tape: "Cheer up stop on my way stop Fitzurse."

"Thank God," said the Great Detective.

XVII.

Let us return to Dartie Dunn, the reporter.

He was asking himself whether he should open the package or not. The Woman in Purple stood on the stairway and watched him.

The cobras from their places in the four corners of the mysterious crypt were also watching him with their evil eyes.

Suddenly the room went dark. In the darkness a luminous hand appeared writing in letters of fire on the wall: "Am on my way stop Fitzurse."

"God!" cried the Woman in Purple, and fell unconscious among the snakes.

XVIII.

Could there be more than one Fitzurse?

It had been whispered that this was so, by his enemies. He had many enemies.

But do not think, Reader, that you can guess his secret so easily.
(To Be Continued)

DON MARQUIS.

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boss I got
a message from
mehitabel the cat
the other day
brought me by
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she asks for our help
it seems she is being
held at ellis
island while an
investigation is made
of her morals
she left the country
and now it looks as
if she might not
be able to get
back in again
she cannot see
why they are
investigating
her morals she says
wotthehellbill she says
i never claimed
i had any morals
she has always regarded
morals as an unnecessary
complication in life
her theory is
that they take up
room that might
better be devoted
to something more interesting
live while you are alive
she says and postpone
morality to the hereafter
everything in its place
is my rule she says
but i am liberal she
says i do not give
a damn how moral other
people are i never try
to interfere with them
in fact i prefer them
moral they furnish
a background for my
vivacity in the meantime
it looks as if she
would have to swim
if she gets ashore and
the water is cold

archy

THE GREAT GLAND MYSTERY

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But do not think, Reader, that you can guess his secret so easily.
(To Be Continued)

DON MARQUIS.

PROBLEM FOR THE CLASS IN "A LIVING WAGE"

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If a Chinaman fishing for pollywogs on the Yangtze River can support a family of twelve on 13 1/2 cents a month—



And a farmer working eighteen hours a day can sell his crops for almost enough to pay the interest on the money he borrowed to buy seed—



And a brick mason can lay almost half as many bricks at \$15.00 a day as he did for \$6.00 a day ten years ago—



How many wild ducks ought the government to guarantee to X for working sixteen hours in mud and ice water up to his knees to feed a family of five?

Books and So Forth

By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

NOVEMBER

Within the darkened room her women cried;
But she was Jeezabel. She took the flame
Of Tyrian silk, less scarlet than her fame—
King Ahab's widow, regal in her pride—
And girt it on with gems. The window wide
She flung and mocked at Jehu as he came
And writhed her painted lips about his name,
And, jeering, fell beneath his car and died.

So stood October, clothed in majesty;
Upon her brow the woodbine's crown of fire;
An arrogant yet haggard woman, she,
Who waited death in red and gold attire,
And fell, and perished, who had dared the ire
Of him who from the north drives furiously.

There is one great comfort in editing almost anything. When you submit yourself a piece of your own verse you are morally certain that it won't come back with the explanation that it's not an entirely terrible sonnet, but the truth of the matter is that the editors are so well stocked up with better that, with regret, and so forth.

Up to page 678 we still find Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" a great book. We'd make our enthusiasm more definite and concrete if the volume weren't so long. The chief trouble with an eight hundred-odd page novel is that by the time you've finished it you're not quite sure how it began, and when you've reread the first two or three hundred pages to refresh your memory, then you're a little foggy as to how it ended.

There is always a certain dignity and glamour to Galsworthy's people. They are not quite flesh and blood, or rather they are exalted flesh and blood. They have a richness and certain aristocracy to them that do not quite belong to this world or at least to our particular district of the Western Hemisphere.

"The Forsyte Saga" reminds us not a little of the Abbey—we think it is Abbey—Arthurian paintings. Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," on the other hand, is a motion picture—not a motion picture drama, but an impartial, uncensored, clear-cut representation of life, of what we know of life.

And basing our verdict not upon art, but merely upon the tempo of our pulsebeats while reading them both, we still trail along with Mr. Lewis, chanting our conviction that "Babbitt" is the best book we have read since we began to do this work, or for a long while before that.

Speaking of motion pictures, we're starting to doubt whether they are still in their infancy or, rather, whether there is any hope whatever that they'll emerge from it. We are beginning to suspect that some one must have dropped the infant on its head a few years back and arrested its mentality permanently.

We don't think the movies have advanced a perceptible step in all the years that have intervened since the production of "The Birth of a Nation." We doubt if we were to swear off going to them for ten years to come and then were to re-enter a film theater, if there are any left by then, whether we'd discover any change except in the costumes of the actors.

Of course, the trouble may be that motion pictures have caught up with the artistic taste of humanity. That taste has been developing slowly for a number of centuries. Only a few years ago the art of film story telling was born. At first it was just a speck of proteoplasm among infinitely older and more advanced matters. It hurried to catch up.

This haste made the development of the art enormously swift and dramatic. Pictures kept getting better and better, and as they more closely approximated public taste enthusiasm for them grew higher and higher.

And then, all at once, the moving pictures caught up with the head of this slow-moving glacier they call civilization. Once there was nowhere else to go. You either had to run on ahead of the glacier into the distance or else you had to sit down upon its edge and swing your feet.

The impetus of a few leaders in the art or business or whatever you choose to call it inspired them to venture beyond the glacier front. They produced pictures like "Broken Blossoms" and some others that were in advance of public appreciation. They lost money and went back to making the old style picture that insured box office returns. They didn't want to be pioneers. They would rather be millionaires.

So they all returned and sat on the glacier, and took to swinging their feet again and riding with it, a few inches a year. They found to their dismay that the other passengers were losing their enthusiasm. They had been stimulated by the rapid advance of the film industry toward perfection. Now, when that advance was checked, they began to ask:

"What's the matter with the movies?"

And nobody answered them. For the motion picture directors and producers were business men first and artists afterward. They looked embarrassed and muttered things to themselves. What they should have replied was:

"What's the matter with you, yourselves, you poor chits!"

What Readers Say

Read the Republican List

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As to Senator Reed, of Missouri, the Republicans elected him to "rub it in" on Wilson. St. Louis gave him 43,000 majority. Outside of St. Louis the majority against him was 13,000. He got a 30,000 Republican majority. As the Republicans elected him, he ought to enroll and vote as a Republican.

It seems good to have a young, level-headed fellow like Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, elected to the Senate. The country needs more like him.

MARTIN J. DOYLE.
Utica, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1922.

All Against the Saloon

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In The Tribune of November 3 Mr. G. C. Hinckley, the national secretary of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, states that that association is as firmly set against the return of the saloon as it is against the Volstead act.

I should like to ask what Mr. Hinckley would call the places where beer and wine would be sold if not saloons? Would he call these places by another name, and what difference would the name make anyway? They would be open saloons, no matter what they might be called, and we all know that where beer and wine are sold there also would be sold every kind of intoxicating drink.

All good citizens should be vitally interested in this work.

D. HAVELOCK FISHER.
New York, Nov. 15, 1922.

Keep Up the Safety Drive

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The statistics from Washington in your issue of November 3 in regard to the number of deaths and injuries from automobiles and motor vehicles should cause all thoughtful and humane persons to put forth every effort toward the safety of the individual.

With the increased number of automobiles in urban centers, the congestion of street traffic has become one of the major problems of local municipal government. There must be strict enforcement of traffic regulations and the most exacting examination of chauffeurs and operators of cars.

A careless educational propaganda of carelessness and regard to "Safety First" is necessary. The newspapers can do much by publishing statistics and warnings, but a concerted movement must be promoted in favor of safety.

The United States Human Safety and Road Educational Association is to hold a banquet on November 22 at the Commodore Hotel, at which men of prominence and of authority on safety problems will set forth the program of precautions and safeguards which that association is carrying out as an educational and humanitarian movement.

All good citizens should be vitally interested in this work.

D. HAVELOCK FISHER.
New York, Nov. 15, 1922.